If thou wylt brynge a soule frome blame.
Do this wysely moze and lasse
And teche al other to do the same
Fatewele gregozy I parte the fro
Be stedfast in mynde nyght and day
Temptacyon of the fendes thou shalt se so
To let the of thy purpose if thou may.
whan he was gone and this lyght past
My herte was colde, my body afryght
There was no comfozte but in god to trast
I toke me to his mercy al that longe nyght
Whan it befel vpon the next day
Ryght in the mozowe tyde
To ara cely I toke my way
and prayed to god to be my gyde
The deuyl at me had great spyte.
He thought my purpose foz to let
with fals collusyons hym to quyte
The gode dede I was on set
Foz whan I shulde my masse begyn
A meruevlous thynge appered than
Deuyls of hel came rennynge in
Lykenes of myn owne men.
las that they were borne.
thou nowe here thys tyde
olde/thy tresour/al is gone
spylt on euery syde
Thy pla[illegible] on fyer thy people spyllen
Come sa[illegible] thys myschefe ozal is shent
Leue thys purpose tou[illegible] home ageyne

I was aferde nere out of mynde
They seined my seruauntes and my men.
In very lykenesse of mannes kynde
They apered before myn yen
To rome I returned with careful chere.
And prayed saynt peter myn helpe to be
I loked about if peryl were
Al thynge I fond in prosperyte
Than thanked I god with al my myght
And thought it was the deuyls dede.
To the churche I tourned ageyne ful ryght
Thys holy trental there to spede
The tyde of day it was nere past
These fals fendes dyd me betray
My purpose to spyl was al theyr cast
That for the soule I shulde nat pray
I crossed my brest & to the auter yede
and sayd my masse as I shulde do
with gostly fode the soule to fede
with al thynges that longeth therto
Thus I proceded by and by
whyles ten days were [illegible] ende
I was glad the tyme drew nye
I trusted hir state for to amende
The next day in the mornynge
In the twylyght or it were day
A lytel before the sonne rysynge
I went alone my matyns to say
Within a whyle my blode wexed colde
a spiryte came rennynge me beside

I spake to it and bad it abyde.
In the vertue of crystes holy name
what creature I say thou be
Stande here styl and make no grame
Tyl I haue tolde my wyl to the
Anone it tourned and sayd to me
I am the soule that thou labourest for
Grace shal I haue thorough the loboure of the
Blessyd be the houre that thou were borne
God hath take me to his mercy
By the vertue of this trental I shal haue
The blysse of heuen perpetually
Fro dampnacyon nowe am I saue
Nowe do thy deuocyons for crystes sake
I may no lenger abyde here
Gyue me leue my way to take.
My kepers come they nygh me nere
Beware she sayd they wyl the noye
Auoyde the place and late them passe
Thus sone it vanysshed fro my ioye.
I se nomre where it
I rose and was ry
I wyst nat wel where
wder anone wes ouercast
cryed anone on euery syde
wde voyde they cryed al
se lese our pray
oxy quyt we shal
yn ink that we may.
erde my body dyd quake

For fere I durst no way take
I trowed my selfe that tyme to dye.
My soule I put in goddes wyl
I crossed my body on euery syde.
whyle al were done I stode there styl
And lete it passe and ouer slyde
Sone after anone the weder ceased
The sonne apered and shone ful bryght.
Than my comforte fast encreassyd
Home I went with al my myght
and thanked god and our lady
And saynt peter that was so gode.
That me preserued so specyally
Frome the perel that I in stode
THys passed furth many a day
what befel than shal ye here
The fende thought he wolde assay.
To lese al I dyd thys yere.
In the feste of whytsontyde
The thre masses of the trental
The fals fende had aspyed
They profyte the sc[illegible]
with falle sleyghtes and subtyite
Me to let was al his cast
In the chapel wherin was he
The fals fende in he ran stast
Euen as I was boune to mas[illegible]
In lykenes of a naked man
Ful of wondes bledyage sor[illegible]
He cryed on hym and layd alas [illegible]
Helpe me now for [illegible]

I must age yne to be hir gyde
The tyme me draweth wonder nere
Fare wel I may no lenger abyde
Than was I glad as foule of day
In al the hast that I myght fynde
To ende thys trentall without delay.
That no faute were of my parte behynde.
That day than there was I styll
within the churche in my prayer
And there abode our lordes wyl
In hope of hir that I myght here.
T[illegible] it drewe almost to eue.
I thought my selfe it was best
with some fode my body to releue
and sone after to take my rest
whan I had soupped I rose ful ryght.
Into a garden me to rome
Tyl it were fayre in twylight
And tyme almoste to take myn home.
as I loked into the el[illegible]
A great son by [illegible]here I[illegible]e
[illegible]nge b[illegible]e dyd it la[illegible]
[illegible]enly anone it dyd with[illegible]we
myn hert began t[illegible]d.
[illegible] tydynges to her[illegible]hat ryght.
[illegible]ne and prayer made
[illegible]nod of that syght
[illegible] there came a lyght
[illegible]ght vel se
[illegible]rt al bryght.

So it encreased moze and moze.
And dzewe to me a gode spede.
I sawe it come and dzed it soze
I wayted a place and theder yede
There to abyde what so euer befel
To se some end of that syght
a spiryt it was that wyst I wel
It hasted to me with al the myght
It was an aungel that came in hast
And sayd gregozy thou shalt se.
Thyn owne moder be nat agast
Howe she standeth and in what degre
Therwyth meued was my mode
I loked aboute on euery syde
anone the syght befoze me stode
The bzyghtnes therof I myght nat abyde.
The soule in the mydes therof was pyght
The gode aungel stode hir besyde
My spirites were rauysshed with that syght.
I taryed to se what wold[illegible]yde
She spake to me f[illegible]
and sayd son bl[illegible]
That euer I b[illegible]e in my body
Thou hast bzo[illegible]ne to this degre
whithout ende[illegible]e in ioy abydyng.
and wele is hym t[illegible]was boz
That may foz hym [illegible]trental do
Foz it pzofyteth a soule moze
Than any ot[illegible]hely thynge
Therfoze foz[illegible]
[illegible]

and he that wyl vnderstande
Moche gode shal to them be hauynge
For many is the soule that there is lore
For faute of socoure and releuynge
Fore they shal abey therfore
That haue theyr godys in theyr keppynge.
and curse the houre and also the day.
The moder them bare the fader them gate.
With deuyls of hell shalbe theyr play
That suffreth a soule to lay in that state
For he is false and eke vnkynde
That leueth a soule in dampnacyon
And with his owne gode may it vnbynde
and bryng it to saluacyon
For crystes sake preche it about
and tel the people of thys peryl
For they that be in faute without doubt
There is no remedy they shal to hell
without ende there dwel shal they
In fyer and bryn[illegible] for theyr dede
Ful dere they shal th[illegible] abey
and haue that reward[illegible] theyr mede
[illegible] owe and haue in my [illegible]synge
[illegible] in mynde and be [illegible] there
[illegible]ne of our partyng[illegible]
[illegible]ger abyde here[illegible]
[illegible] opened on euery syde
[illegible]uen downe were sent.
[illegible]melody she spyed
[illegible]es in the firmament

To the blysse of heuen without ende
wher myzth and loye without end is
Suche messangers our lozde hir sende
Hir sorowe and care foz to lys
whan I had thys syght sene
It was wel drawen into the nyght
I was ryght glad and also fayne
That god had shewed me that syght
To bed I went and toke my rest
As goddes wyl was I shulde do
and there bethought me what was the best
Al other soules to bzynge fro wo
I called al the clerkes of that cyte
and ozdeyned thys trental to be in mynde.
And al pzestes in eche degre.
and gaue them power to lose and bynde
To helpe al soules that had nede
That lay in peynes that were ful soze
The blysse of heuen to haue foz theyz mede.
Cryst graunt them al that same blysse thoze
That helpeth any soule heuen te wynne
Of al gode prayers that they nat mysse
whan body and soule shal parte atwynne
This trental is wzyten in thre langage
In latyn frenche and englysshe eke
In Ara celi who wyl it se.
In the southe syde he may it seke
God bzynge vs to the blysse that
Amen.
Empzentyd by Rychrde